

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Housewife in Germany Has No Easy Time

Hausfrau Must Confine the Family's Appetite to Diet Selected by Government, and Finds Hard Work to Obtain Sufficiency of Some Things She Needs. Her Resourcefulness in Preparing New Dishes Developed by Necessity.

By CARL W. ACKERMAN.

BERLIN, Aug. 4. TODAY it is up to the soldier's wife to see that the available food is cooked so it can be eaten. Germany's landlady women fight at home against the blockade while the landlady man attacks the enemy at the front.

A German hausfrau can't go to the shops or market now and get what she wants. She can't even get sufficient of some things she needs. She can buy only one-half pound of meat a week for each person. If she gets pork she grinds it up fine and mixes it with bread crumbs. This she serves for one meal. Next day she does without meat. The third day she serves another third. The fourth day she has fish, and the fifth day she boils what is left of the meat with milk and has creamed meat on toast.

Potatoes are scarce, but with more bread and incoming spring vegetables the cook makes some kind of a new dish.

Resourcefulness Admirable.
The world probably never has seen such resourcefulness displayed by organized society as is evidenced in Berlin today. Women who could no longer obtain enough flour for baking cakes discovered that a very good cake could be made by grating up carrots with the white of two eggs and sugar. The government is now selling soup cubes made of wheat and fat for one cent each, which makes three cups of good soup. Asparagus has taken a nice place at many meals.

Everyone in Berlin today eats by cards. Those who live in apartments receive at the beginning of each month their allotment of cards from the porter. These cards include bread, butter, meat, milk, rice, and potato cards. Every time the hausfrau goes to market she must take her cards along. Meat and butter are not rationed so she can buy them without standing for several hours in line.

One Cake of Soap Lasts Month.

One cake of soap per month per person is the regulated quantity. Yet the landlady frau and her family make the best of it and keep not only alive, but in good health. Here follows a table showing what prices the German woman had to pay for her food on July 1.

Rice, per pound.....	\$0.53
Smoked ham (three meat cards regulated sale).....	.94
Swiss milk chocolate (formerly 10 cents per package), now.....	.25
Tomatoes, per pound (also small tomatoes).....	.30
Strawberries, per pound.....	.15
Peas, per pound.....	.12
Cherries, per pound.....	.12
Bread, per pound.....	.01
Cauliflower, per pound.....	.20
Carrots, per pound.....	.15
Olive oil (imported) per liter.....	3.20

RECIPES

Pickled Beet Root.
8 beet roots.
Pepper.
Salt.
Vinegar.
Wash the beet root, taking care not to break the surface. Boil in a slow oven for about three hours. When cold peel and slice thin, sprinkle with pepper and salt, pour over a little vinegar. Leave for a few hours before serving.

Puree of Prunes.
1 pound prunes.
Sugar to taste.
Lemon.
Vanilla to taste.
Whites of 5 eggs.
Stew one pound prunes with a little sugar and lemon. After drawing off liquor, stone and chop finely. Add sugar and vanilla to taste and beat whites of five eggs. Mix and bake in slow oven twenty minutes. Serve cold with whipped cream. Chestnuts can be used in the same way, boiling and pressing through sieve.

Clam Bisque.
8 cups of white stock.
1 teaspoon of chopped parsley.
1 blade of mace.
8 cups of chopped clams.
1 cup of cream.
Salt and pepper to taste.
8 tablespoons of butter.
1 tablespoon of flour.

Cook clams in the white stock, strain reserve liquor and chopped clams, press through a sieve, add butter and flour, cook together seasonings and cream for five minutes, add yolk of egg well beaten and serve.

Baked Steak.
Steak.
8 tablespoons of catsup.
1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce.
Lump of fat, melted.
8 onions.

Select a thick steak. Rub well with pepper and salt, place in pan and put on top very thin slice of onion. Cover with three tablespoons of catsup, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a good lump of melted fat. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven. About five minutes before serving, add three onions, parboiled and drained, to the steak.

Cauliflower a la Varenne.
1 cauliflower.
Parsley.
Carrots.

Trim a cauliflower and place it in salt and water for one hour; then put it in a saucepan of cold water with a pinch of salt, bring it to the boil, rinse the cauliflower and put it again in boiling water seasoned with salt to boil till tender. Cut it in pieces, place it in the center of a hot dish, pour parsley sauce over and garnish with braised carrots or a macedoine of vegetables, placing the cut up stalks of the cauliflower in the center.

Even the Young Achieve Familiarity With French When Lingerie Tingles Conversation

Such Words as "Trousseau," "Negligee," and "Lingerie" Are Quickly Attached to Youthful Vocabularies, Though Their Use Occasions Embarrassment at Times.

As a Matter of Fact, Present Day Lingerie Is So Evident That We Are Quite Matter of Fact About Discussing the Relative Virtues of Camisoles and Princess Slips.

ONE of the boys out at our house is acquiring a new vocabulary. Perhaps it would be better to say that he is amplifying his present assortment of words. He has learned such strange terms as "negligee," "decote," "trousseau," and "lingerie." Not that he knows what they are, or even how to pronounce them properly. You see, he's only seven. But he introduces them into his speech at the most unexpected and, perchance, embarrassing moments! Only the other day he started the row of porch rockers by declaring that mother was upstairs running ribbons in a caserole—an occupation bizarre enough to appeal to an imaginative mind.

The youngster may be pardoned for his ready acquisition of boucote French, for every one talks lingerie nowadays. It may be because it thrusts itself into the landscape. Surely, with blouses of filmy Georgette crepe and frocks of diaphanous tulle and orandine making it very apparent, can one afford to leave it out of the conversation? Decidedly not!

Really Fit for Princesses.

Many of the slips are really princess slips in that they are fit for a princess. In fact, they are so elaborate that they challenge comparison with the dresses they are designed to support.

Neither do they blush by comparison where materials are concerned. Some of the newest concoctions—bunions in every sense of the word—employ such luxuries as ermine, silver lace and hand-wrought embroideries.

One slip, plain enough, to be sure, but of a daintiness to please the most fastidious, is of white taffeta, lavishly trimmed with roses in pastel shades. This could be worn with equal effectiveness under a garden party frock or a dancing dress. The skirt, like the skirts of all slips, breaks out into numberless ruffles. The first ruffle is attached well below the hip line in scallops, too.

Lace Lends Daintiness.

Lace is also included in the trimming. Indeed, no well bred bit of lingerie is minus its froth of lace. Perhaps the only exception is a camisole of pale pink taffeta, with a square cut neck and the shoulder straps in one with the body. This was pitted around the edges and pale blue ribbon was run through picot edged buttonholes.

But we digress from our princess. One suggests hoop skirts; the 1916 variety, and cascade curls pinned high on the head. The bodice is close fitting, with a downward pointing slit of lace outlining the décolletage. Tuck over the hips, then begin rows and rows of lace ruffles, in graduated elaborate and copied at home.

Each Ruffle Has Rosebuds.
Each ruffle has its sprinkling of rosebuds in gay colors. The most old-timey feature of the slip—and it seems a shame to waste such daintiness in comparative seclusion—is the pair of black velvet gleeve straps.

Camisoles deserve a special niche of their own. Many a time a pretty camisole may be combined with an attractive petticoat to make a slip that to all intents and purposes was originally intended. Many of the more elaborate are copied at home.

Among these may be mentioned the taffeta camisole previously described, which is simplicity itself in cut and line. Another is of laced silver ribbon on a foundation of flesh-colored tulle. The ribbon is woven in and out, and the result is a very unusual bit of lingerie.

All-over silver lace combined with chiffon is gathered generously on a square yoke of the lace—three inches wide. Georgette crepe may be substituted, as it wears better than chiffon and may be cleaned more satisfactorily.

Some of the shops are using strands of artificial flowers for the shoulder straps. Still others use straps of more or less firmly woven than most ribbons, and give support that may be depended upon. If frail seeming straps appear, the chances are that they conceal a foundation of sturdy tape or something equally unpicturesque and substantial.

A kimono is no longer a kimono, but a negligee. Indeed, the familiar unconfined kurt of the lady of the house is being replaced by garments just as comfortable, but with an ineffable trimness that quite elevates them.

A negligee that is dainty enough to grace any breakfast table is of pale blue voile de soie, a new material that will be very popular for just such uses. The belt is simply an irregular strand of the voile de soie drawn through buttonholes at the waist line.

The ends of the sleeves and the belt are finished with pale pink satin petals.

Some of the simplest patterns may be made elaborate by dainty trimming, so that a negligee that appears to be expensive is not such a complicated affair after all.



Negligee of Pale Blue Voile de Soie, With Medici Collar and Streamer Sleeves Finished With Pink Silk Petals.

Princess Slip of White Taffeta and Lace, Trimmed With Bunches of Small Silk Flowers in Various Pastel Tints.

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Strong Salt Water An Ideal Antiseptic For Wounds and Cuts

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

It remained for Col. Sir Almoh B. Wright, the distinguished English army surgeon now at the front, discoverer of the anti-typhoid preventive vaccine, to find an adequate, physiological method with which to treat infected wounds.

Bichloride of mercury and ordinary antiseptics should be banished from homes and households, not only because they are dangerous poisons, but because the most commonly used antiseptics combine with flesh and blood and every other kind of albumen.

Antiseptics thereby lose their bactericidal and penetrative power, for which they are used. The germ killing capacity of such antiseptics is, of course, not finally abolished until the antiseptic has encountered and combined with its full amount of albumen. The penetrative power of antiseptic is its means to diffuse through tissues in an active condition. In the fluids of a wound the penetrative capacity is quickly lost.

All of these truths are firmly based upon experiment. It is proved and always open to practical demonstration that none of the ordinary antiseptics in use by doctors and the public extirpate or injure all microbes enveloped in living or even destroyed tissues, or in the matter of purulent case of a wound, the wounds. Nor do the antiseptics diffuse into the walls or recesses of the wound.

Salt Water Fine Dressing.
The supposed disinfecting action of popular antiseptics applied to cuts, sores and wounds is, therefore, really limited to killing only a few microbes, which lie loosely on the bare surface. The sterilization of the wound, the tissues actually in contact with the

antiseptic is wanting. Yet germs grow far beyond this reach. Prof. Wright says that the antiseptic does not do it. In the direction of distinguishing the infection, keeping the bacteria from all a dangerous dissemination of penetration, or poisoning the propagation of microbes, having the treatment to give intelligent, and the issues to fight the matter, but the blood infection, salt water dressing evokes physiological pain, and the same time wash away the poisons of the dead and living germs. Strong salt water will draw out fluids from the deeper tissues of a wound, thus draining the wound with its own blood, and the per cent solution of salt in sterile (boiled) water is concentrated enough for this purpose.

All Cuts Become Infected.
All cuts and sores suffer from bacterial infection, because the skin of the cleanest person as well as the poorest is covered with microbes. If they succeed in growing, the result is infection, redness or fever ensue. All the edges of the wound, the pores of the skin, and the blood vessels, the various effects of bacteria upon the wound should visit a doctor and not based as it necessarily is upon judgment. Actual facts about differences in wounds and sores.

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New York Fashion Letter

By MARGARET MASON.

LITTLE goldfish in a bowl. Birds in a cage. You must now be dressed up for it's quite the rage.

NEW YORK, August 4.—The modern woman, seemingly surfeited with trimming herself and incidentally trimming her husband has turned her attention to trimming up the household canary and the family goldfish.

At least, if not the canary and the goldfish personally, she has their domiciles all dolled up. Birdcages have become fantastic dreams of beauty and decorative art. No self-respecting canary, linnet or thrush can be expected to trill in anything but a cage of rustic willow twigs, the peasant realms of Europe, or a wire and lacquer cage from China's shores. Japanese red cages also are permissible, but birdie simply must have one of these three decorative influences for surroundings.

Gilded Cages Please.
Mercy! Just fancy how plebeian and mercenary nowadays would be that proverbial bird in a gilded cage. Cages are positively not being worn as did this season.

Of the lovely willow cages, some of which are fashioned by peasant hands in the Black Forest and yet others in Brittany and probably most over in New Jersey or Brooklyn, there are those in the natural toned willow, those stained grass green and those enameled white or coral pink or blue.

Even these willow cages feel the Chinese influence, however, or at least their owners do, for many have a Chinese jaded suspended from the top of the cage for the songster to sway on in lieu of a prosaic swing. From the bottom of the cage she fastens with a thumbtack a Chinese tassel, green and gold.

Take Various Shapes.
The real Chinese cages are gorgeous in their scarlet, green or black lacquer, ornate with gold. Round, oblong, square, and octagonal they are, and some shaped like pagodas two or three stories high. In the finest cases of water and seed dishes are of carved jade or ivory, beads and tassels dangle the outside, and always there is the bracelet swing.

As for the little fishes, red and gold, their crystal abodes are resplendent with blue of antique glass, or of other fantastic shapes. Some have huge gold-colored shells, others shallow bowls polished on slender stems, two-handled Grecian urns of rainbow-tinted glass, and the quaintest of all is a squat and sturdy crystal elephant.

Many of the round glass aquariums are raised on standards of carved or enameled wood and hand-painted in water lilies and deep-sea flora on the outside of the glass.

Yet others, simple and effective of line, are oblong and square aquariums, crystal clear.

Feathery green water plants and the decorative branches of Chinese "thousand-year-green" make a fairy forest for the fishes and the turtle and modern note of all in latest fish fashions are the marbles of green glass that strew the golden sand floor in the bottom of every aquarium that is a mode.

Cleansing and Bracing.

If, when bathing, you will put a half a teaspoonful of vinegar in either cold or warm water, but not hot water, it is very cleansing and bracing, and will keep the skin in an active, healthy state. It is also an excellent thing for a foot bath.

Hair Often Ruined By Washing With Soap

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary milled coconut oil (rough, pure and unperfumed), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff, and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, nifty, and easy to manage.

This house belongs to me, sir," replied the man. "These are my wife and child. I am Captain Coulter."

(Copyright, 1916.)

Times Pattern Service



896

THE TIMES PATTERN SERVICE

August 4.

Name.....

No. 696. Street and Number.....

SIZE DESIRED.....City and State.....

TALL YARN.

He was describing the privations of a voyage from which he had just returned.

"Then," he said, "I went down to the cabin to lunch."

"Lunch!" exclaimed one of his hearers. "But you told us there was nothing to eat left on board. What did you have for lunch?"

"Oh," that was the reply. "It was a very modest affair—beef, wine and an egg."

"Beef? Where did you get the beef from?"

"That was the reply, 'that came from the bulwarks.'"

"And the wine, how about that?"

"Oh, that came from the port hole!"

"Oh," laughed the listener. "Good, very good! But tell me where did you get the egg?"

"Oh, that was the simplest of all," came the reply. "The captain gave orders for the ship to 'lay to,' and he gave me one."—Pearson's Weekly.

Stories of Stories

THE AFFAIR AT COULTER'S NOTCH. By Ambrose Bierce.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY was in retreat. Its commander had placed a battery of twelve guns in front of a big plantation house, to check the pursuing Federals until the Confederate rear-guard could get safely away.

Up came the Federal vanguard, consisting of a single division—too small a force to engage the retreating enemy. The general made the division which the twelve-gun battery that shielded the southern retreat.

To the amazement of his staff, the Federal major general ordered Captain Coulter, an artillery officer, to move a single big gun to an exposed position in a mountain notch overlooking the plantation house, and to open fire on the twelve-gun battery.

To the greater amazement of every one who knew him, the usually fearless Coulter turned deathly pale and seemed inclined to refuse. But he suddenly recovered his nerve, saluted, and galloped off. A few minutes later the gun was in place and had opened fire with murderous precision upon the Confederate battery and upon the defenders of the house behind it.

The battery replied, centering its fire on the single Union cannon. The affair at Coulter's Notch (as the conflict was later called) had begun.

Two Federal staff officers stood commenting on their general's madness in ordering such an attack, and on the

MY Daughter, sweet are the uses of a man's perversity!

For, behold, what delight hath he in all the things wherewith he amuseth himself, unless they are FORBIDDEN!

Lo, even as a small boy rejoiceth to steal out unseen by the window, when he might walk out of the door with perfect safety, so doth a grown man find more joy in the forbidden than in the lawful.

Yea, what delight is there in life for a husband whose wife speaketh him cheerfully upon his way to the Club and URGETH him to go forth and amuse himself?

For, when she ceaseth to bewail his going and to rave, when she beholdeth she taketh all the "edge" off his pleasure, and removeth the "spice" from all his adventures.

Therefore, I charge thee, remember this when thy Beloved yearneth after strange gods, seek not to stay him from that which he desireth, but smile approvingly upon him—LEAD HIM TO IT!

Lo, when he ceaseth admiring eyes upon another woman, I bid thee hasten after her, and bring her to him with all speed.

Cover her with praises and flattery, with crime and sinners up her neck.

Callant Coulter's strange reluctance to obey.

"Do you happen to know," asked one of them, "that Coulter is from the South? Last summer the division which the general then commanded was in the vicinity of Coulter's home for weeks. The general made the acquaintance of Coulter's family. There was trouble—something about Coulter's wife. She is a good wife and a high-bred lady. There was a complaint to army headquarters."

The two officers stared at each other. Now they understood why the vindictive general had given Coulter so perilous a job today.

Coulter's gun by this time had wrought fearful havoc in the enemy's battery and on the plantation house. His own gun crew had been well-nigh wiped out by the Confederates' return fire. But Coulter—powder-stained, black with crime and sinners up her neck—fought on, undaunted.

Presently the Southern battery replied, as its task of protecting the retreating Confederate rear-guard was achieved. And the Union troops moved

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By HELEN ROWLAND.

Inv'd her to thine house and IM-PLORED him to "be nice" to her.

And, behold, within a fortnight, he shall flee from her in terror and boredom, crying, "Deliver me from THAT WOMAN! For I am SICK of her!"

When he praeth another woman's wit, and admireth her cleverness, I charge thee, seek not to disparage her with shrugs and sneers, but set her forth as a shining star.

Cheer her with handclappings and "Oh-how-clever!" and "How-brilliant!" and when he fainteth from weariness, go forth and leave him ALONE to gether, and he shall come flying after thee.

When he sligheth after gayety, I bid thee, see to it that thine house be filled and overflowing with week-enders, and horse and foxhunting and motormen, and bridge players.

Bring forth his dress clothes and turn him from cellar to roof-tree by Coulter's unerring artillery fire. The Confederates' guns had been disabled.

A colonel took up his temporary headquarters in the battered plantation house, first making a tour of the building. In the cellar he came upon three horrible figures.

On the debris-strewn floor lay a woman and a baby, both dead and terribly mangled. They had doubtless ended man who clasped the two dead bodies in his arms, weeping uncontrollably. At sight of the Federal intruders the man staggered to his feet.

"What are you doing here?" asked the colonel.

"This house belongs to me, sir," replied the man. "These are my wife and child. I am Captain Coulter."

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